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SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATIONS
and SAMPLE PAGES of ...

WAYNE WHIPPLE'S
STORY-LIFE OF LINCOLN

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From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1864

From the favorite photograph by Brady.

THE STORY-LIFE OF LINCOLN

A Biography Composed of
FIVE HUNDRED TRUE STORIES
Told by Abraham Lincoln and his Friends
selected from all authentic sources, and
fitted together in order, forming
HIS COMPLETE LIFE HISTORY

by

WAYNE WHIPPLE

Author of

"The Story of the White House and its Home Life,"
"The Minute Man," "The Story of
Plymouth Rock," etc.

MEMORIAL EDITION

Issued to Commemorate the 100th
Anniversary of Lincoln's Birth

ILLUSTRATED

With 150 engravings from Photographs, Paintings, Drawings and Manuscripts,
some of which have not before been published

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, :: :: :: PENNA

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PLAN OF THE BOOK

Lincoln was the Master Story Teller. Every "Lincoln story" has a special bearing on his life. His personality was so strong and peculiar that every event or incident in his life has been the subject of a story—told by some friend or writer of his life or of observations concerning him. A thousand books have been written about Abraham Lincoln. Every person who knew or ever saw him has written about it in books and magazines. Lincoln himself has told innumerable stories which are repeated everywhere, like Æsop's fables, because every story illustrates or impresses some truth or idea. Indeed, they cannot be *true Lincoln stories* unless seen with all their bearings on Lincoln's life or the events of his time.

There are many collections of so-called Lincoln stories and "yarns" in which the tales are torn from their surroundings and all the Lincoln flavor is gone. They seem dull, flat and pointless.

Every true Lincoln story is a gem, but it must be shown only with the Lincoln setting.

Wayne Whipple has at last combined the Lincoln story with Lincoln's life. He has spent years in hunting out everything that has ever been said and written about Abraham Lincoln, especially everything which Lincoln ever told of himself or that would shed light upon his own life and character.

He has collected the best stories from all the great Lives of Lincoln; the best of the reminiscences of public men and friends of Lincoln. He has interviewed those who knew Lincoln, and he has chosen the best stories Lincoln himself told—with a special bearing on his own life and the history of his time.

The five hundred stories composing *The Story-Life of Lincoln* are connected with about as many events or incidents

as they happened in his life. They are the cream of all the Lincoln literature. They cannot help making the best Life of Lincoln ever published because they are the choicest of everything that has been written or told about him.

In reading these stories, entertaining, sad and laughable, you follow Abraham Lincoln in a connected, continuous life-story, through the hardships of his backwoods boyhood; the struggles of his early manhood; his debates with Douglas; his contest against slavery, his trials as War President, his mastery of Stanton; his tenderness for the "Boys in Blue;" and his final triumph and martyrdom. Never has his life-history been so vividly told. It is all so graphic that it paints a mental panorama of the great events before and during the Civil War. You see it all as you never expected to see it, and it makes such an indelible impression upon you that you could not forget it even if you would.

The current events of Lincoln's time are given separately side by side with the thrilling story-narrative to aid in making *The Story-Life of Lincoln* of real historical and educational value. The history of the time is thus hung upon Lincoln's unique personality as a peg. Lincoln's life-story thus becomes your country's history during that most important epoch through which Lincoln lived.

The 150 illustrations are selected in the same manner. They are from the best of all that Art affords concerning Abraham Lincoln. Many photographs and *facsimiles* which have never before been reproduced are here added. While the object of this great book is to amuse and entertain, the highest aim is to make it of great and permanent value.

For all these reasons *The Story-Life of Lincoln* marks a new era in fascinating biography.

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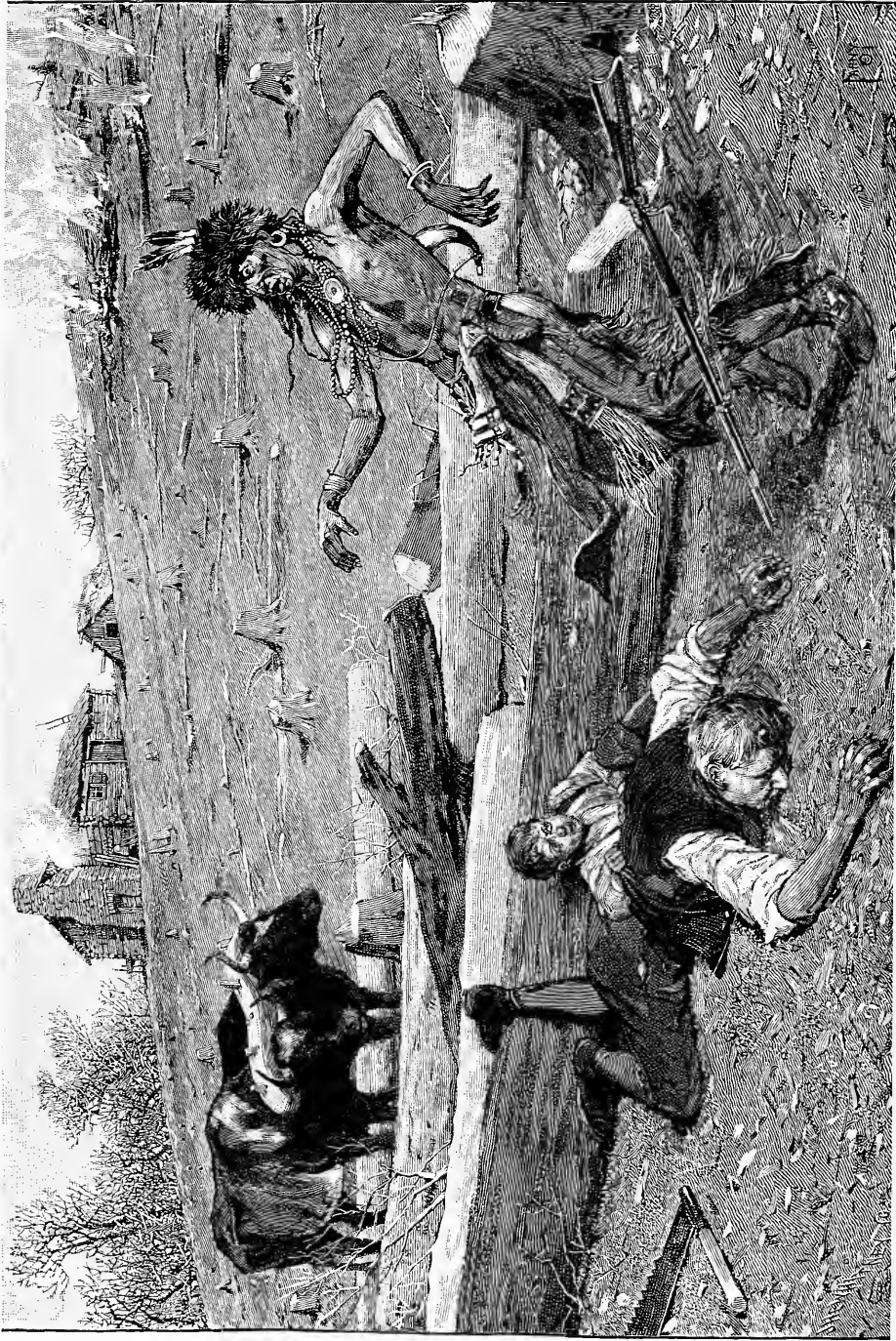
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From *The Century Book of Famous Americans*, Elbridge S. Brooks,

KILLING OF LINCOLN'S PIONEER GRANDFATHER, ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A shot from the brush killed the father. Mordecai, reaching the cabin, seized the rifle, took deliberate aim at a white ornament on the breast of the savage and brought him down.

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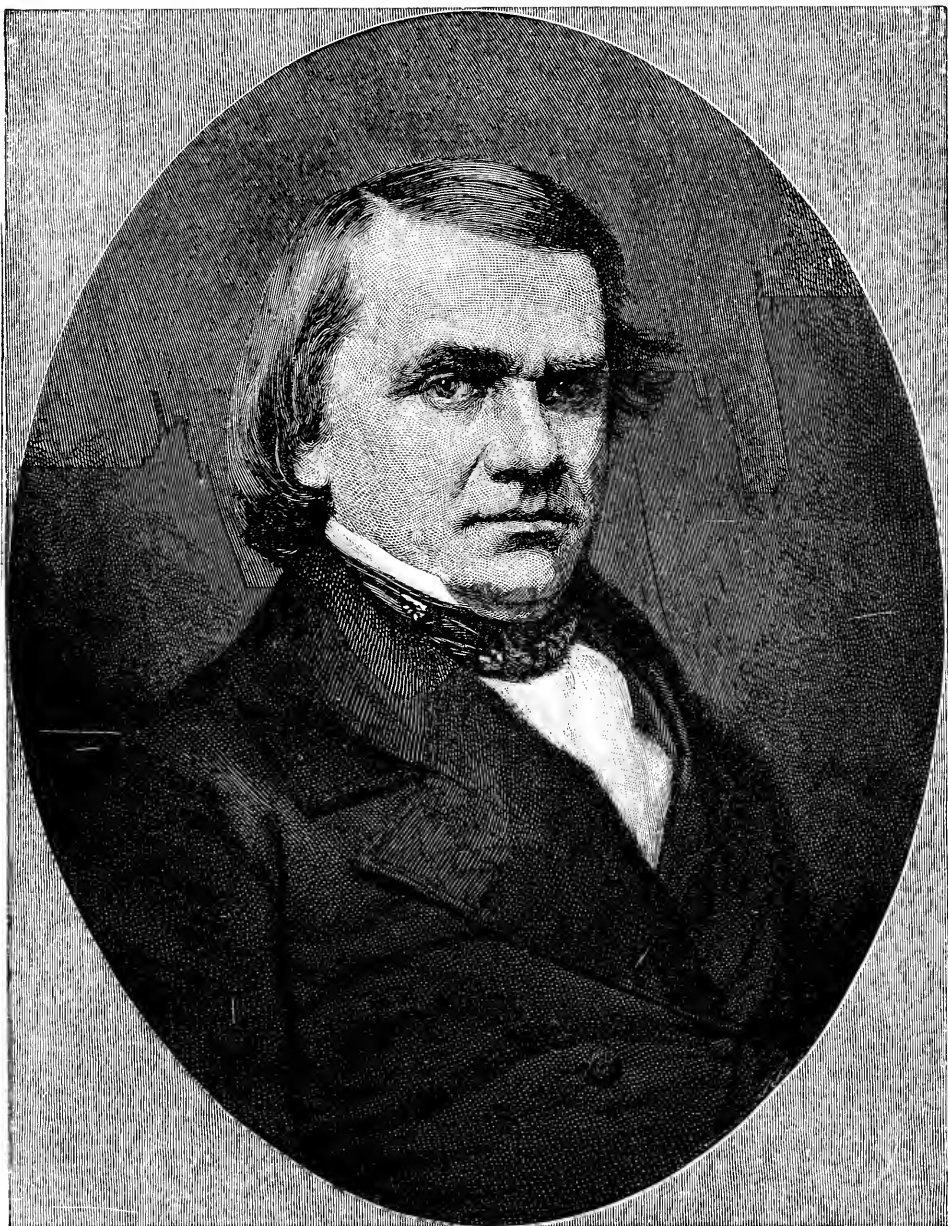
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From Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS

Called "Judge" Douglas and "The Little Giant," with whom Lincoln engaged in the great debates. Douglas defeated Lincoln in the election for Senator in 1858, but Lincoln defeated him for the Presidency in 1860. Douglas held Lincoln's hat during Lincoln's first Inaugural Address.

A Connected Biography

In "The Story-Life of Lincoln" each story fits into the one preceding and the one following, so that all together form a complete, connected biography.

Consecutive Pages Follow

illustrating the plan of the book.

CHAPTER V

SIX YEARS AT NEW SALEM

A Stranger Who Could "Make a Few Rabbit Tracks"

It was in August of the year 1831 that Lincoln left his father's roof, and swung out for himself into the current of the world to make his fortune in his own way. He went down to New Salem again to assist Offutt in the business that lively speculator thought of establishing there. He was more punctual than either his



MENTOR GRAHAM

The New Salem schoolmaster, who helped Lincoln in his study of grammar and surveying.

employer or the merchandise, and met with the usual reward of punctuality in being forced to waste his time in waiting for the tardy ones. He seemed to the New Salem people to be "loafing;" several of them have given that description of him.

He did one day's work, acting as clerk of a local election, a lettered loafer being pretty sure of employment on such an occasion.

Mrs. Lizzie H. Bell writes of this incident: My father, Mentor Graham, was on that day, as usual, appointed to be a clerk, and Mr. McNamee, who was to be the other, was

sick and failed to come. They were looking around for a man to fill his place when my father noticed Mr. Lincoln and asked if he could write. He answered that he could "make a few rabbit tracks."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 78, and Foot-note.

Piloting a Flatboat down Illinois River

A few days after the election Lincoln found employment with one Dr. Nelson, who, after the style of dignitaries of later days, started with his family and effects in his private conveyance—which in this instance was a flatboat—for Texas. Lincoln was hired to pilot the vessel through to the Illinois River. Arriving at Beardstown the pilot was discharged, and returned on foot across the sand and hills to New Salem.

Herndon's Lincoln, William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, Vol. I, page 71.

Storekeeper and Miller

Offutt and his goods arrived at last, and Lincoln and he immediately got them into position, and opened their door to what commerce could be found in New Salem. There was clearly not enough to satisfy the volatile mind of Mr. Offutt, for he soon bought Cameron's mill at the historic dam, and made Abraham superintendent also of that branch of the business.

It is to be surmised that Offutt never inspired his neighbors and customers with any deep regard for his solidity of character. One of them says of him, with injurious pleonasm, that he "talked too much with his mouth." A natural consequence of his excessive fluency was soon to be made disagreeably evident to his clerk. He admired Abraham beyond measure, and praised him beyond prudence.

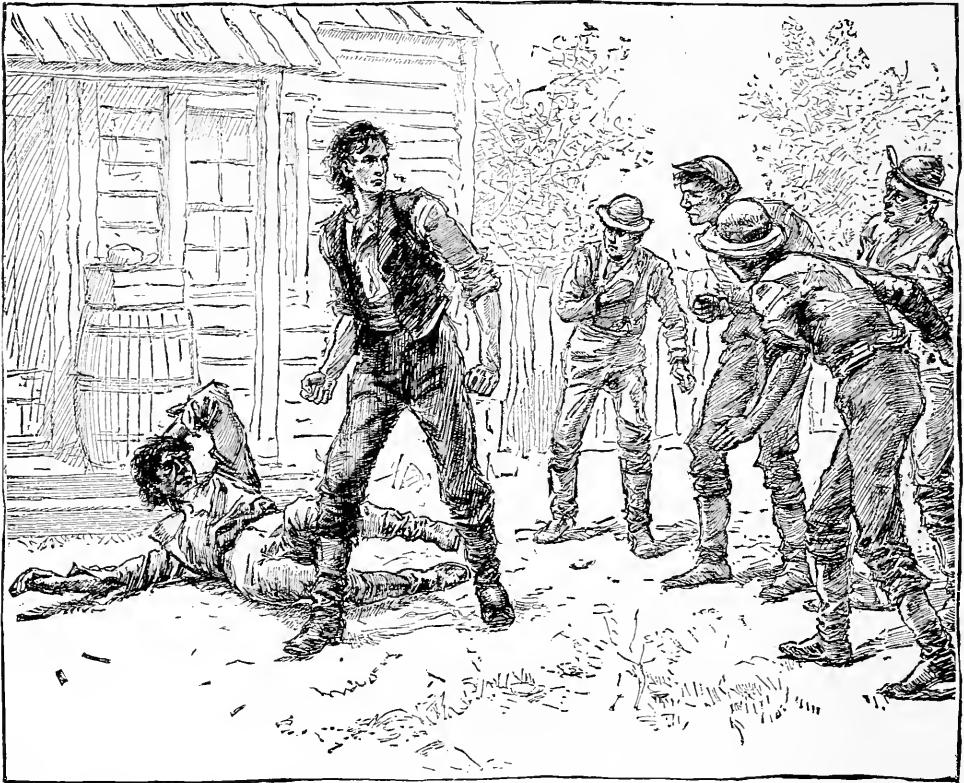
He said that Abe knew more than any man in the United States; and he was certainly not warranted in making such an assertion, as his own knowledge of the actual state of science in America could not have been exhaustive. He also said that Abe could beat any man in the county running, jumping, or "wrestling." This proposition, being less abstract in its nature, was far more readily grasped by the local mind, and was not likely to pass unchallenged.

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 78.

Encounters the "Clary's Grove Boys"

Public opinion at New Salem was formed by a crowd of ruffianly young fellows who were called the "Clary's Grove Boys." Once or twice a week they descended upon the village and passed the day in drinking, fighting and brutal horse-play. If a stranger

appeared in the place, he was likely to suffer a rude initiation into the social life of New Salem at the hands of these jovial savages. Sometimes he was nailed up in a hogshead and rolled down hill; sometimes he was insulted into a fight and then mauled black and blue; for, despite their pretensions to chivalry, they had no scruples about fair play or any such superstition of civilization.



Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery, Noah Brooks,

ABE THROWS JACK ARMSTRONG

Lincoln, standing undismayed with his back to the wall, looked so formidable in his defiance that an honest admiration took the place of momentary fury, and his initiation was over.

At first they did not seem inclined to molest young Lincoln. His appearance did not invite insolence; his reputation for strength and activity was a greater protection to him than his inoffensive good-nature. But the loud admiration of Offutt gave them umbrage. It led to a dispute, contradictions, and finally to a formal banter to a wrestling-match. Lincoln was greatly averse to all this "wooling and pulling," as he called it.

But Offutt's indiscretion had made it necessary for him to show his mettle. Jack Armstrong, the leading bully of the gang, was selected to throw him, and expected an easy victory. But he soon found himself in different hands from any he had heretofore engaged with. Seeing he could not manage the tall stranger, his friends swarmed in, and by kicking and tripping nearly succeeded in getting Lincoln down.

At this, as has been said of another hero, "the spirit of Odin entered into him," and putting forth his whole strength, he held the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and almost choked the exuberant life out of him. For a moment a general fight seemed inevitable; but Lincoln, standing undismayed with his back to the wall, looked so formidable in his defiance that an honest admiration took the place of momentary fury, and his initiation was over.

As to Armstrong, he was Lincoln's friend and sworn brother as soon as he recovered the use of his larynx, and the bond thus strangely created lasted through life. Lincoln had no further occasion to fight his own battles while Armstrong was there to act as his champion. . . .

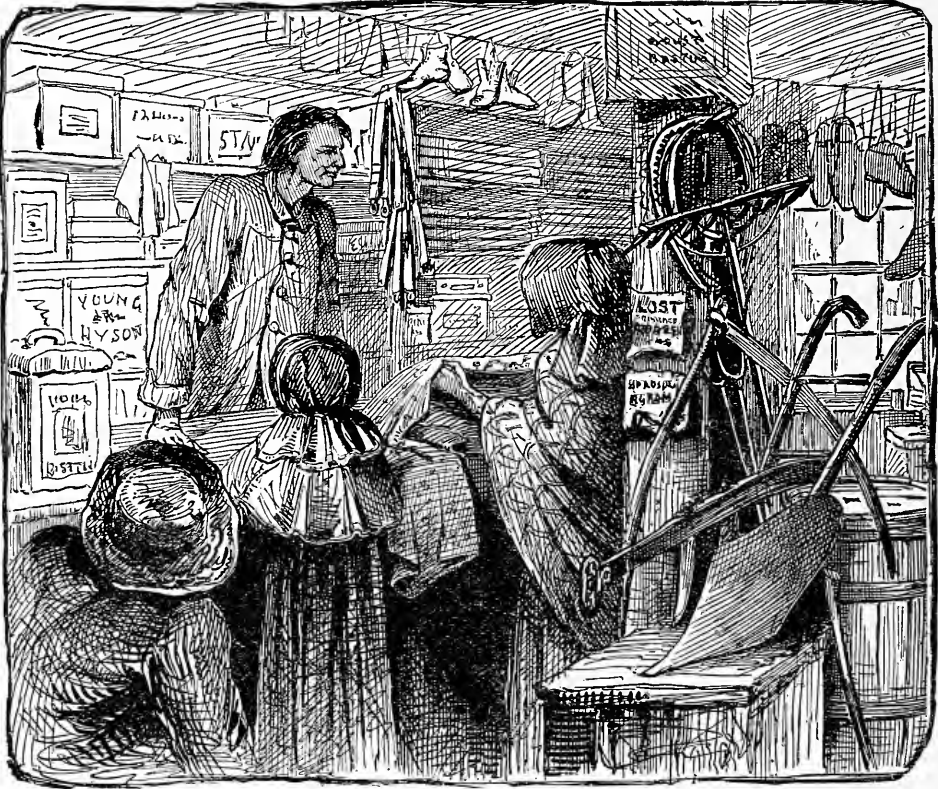
This incident, trivial and vulgar as it may seem, was of great importance in Lincoln's life. His behavior in this ignoble scuffle did the work of years for him, in giving him the position he required in the community where his lot was cast. He became from that moment, in a certain sense, a personage, with a name and standing of his own. The verdict of Clary's Grove was unanimous that he was "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement."

Abraham Lincoln: A History, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. I, page 79.

Lincoln Meets Young Yates, the Future War-Governor, and Upsets a Bowl of Milk

W. G. Greene tells us that while he was a student at the Illinois College at Jacksonville, he became acquainted with Richard Yates, also a student there. On one occasion, while Yates was a guest of Greene's during a vacation, the latter took him up to make him acquainted with Lincoln. They found Abe flat on his back on a cellar-door, reading a newspaper. Greene introduced the two, and thus the acquaintance began between the future War Governor of Illinois and the future President.

On this same occasion, says Mr. Greene, Lincoln accepted an invitation to go home and take dinner with him and Yates. While they were at the table, Lincoln, in his awkwardness, managed to upset his bowl of bread and milk. Mr. Greene well recollects the confusion with which the accident covered Mr. Lincoln, which



Abraham Lincoln and the Downfall of American Slavery, Noah Brooks.

CLERKING IN OFFUTT'S STORE.

Greene's mother, the hostess, who was always attached to the ungainly backwoodsman, tried to relieve as best she could by declaring it was her fault in setting the bowl at the wrong place at the table.

The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln, F. F. Browne, page 102.

Two Instances of His "Sensitive Honesty"

Lincoln could not rest for one instant under the consciousness that he had, even unwittingly, defrauded anybody. On one occasion, while clerking in Offutt's store, . . . he sold a woman a little

bale of goods, amounting in value, by the reckoning, to two dollars and twenty cents. He received the money and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much. It was night and, closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of his defrauded customer, and delivering over to her the sum whose possession had so much troubled him, went home satisfied.

On another occasion, just as he was closing the store for the night, a woman entered and asked for a half pound of tea. The tea was weighed out and paid for, and the store was left for the night. The next morning Lincoln entered to begin the duties of the day, when he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales. He saw at once that he had made a mistake, and, shutting the store, he took a long walk before breakfast to deliver the remainder of the tea. These are humble incidents, but they illustrate the man's perfect conscientiousness—his sensitive honesty—better, perhaps, than they would if they were of greater moment.

Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, Paul Selby, page 61.

Borrows a Grammar and Masters It

Abe's duties in Offutt's store were not of a character to monopolize the whole of his time, and he soon began to think that here was a fine opportunity to remedy some of the defects in his education.

[During the time he was working for Offutt, hands being scarce, Lincoln turned in and cut down trees, and split enough rails for Offutt to make a pen sufficiently large to contain a thousand hogs.] He could read, write, and cipher as well as most men; but as his popularity was growing daily, and his ambition keeping pace, he feared that he might shortly be called to act in some public capacity which would require him to speak his own language with some regard to the rules of grammar,—of which, according to his own confession, he knew nothing at all. He mentioned his trouble to the schoolmaster, saying,

"I have a notion to study English grammar."

"If you expect to go before the public in any capacity," replied Mr. (Mentor) Graham, "I think it the best thing you can do."

"If I had a grammar," replied Abe, "I would commence now."

There was no grammar to be had about New Salem; but the schoolmaster, having kept the run of that species of property, gladdened Abe's heart by telling him that he knew where there was one.

Abe rose from the breakfast at which he was sitting, and learning that the book was at Vaner's, only six miles distant, set off as hard as he could tramp. It seemed to Mr. Graham a very little while until he returned and announced, with great pleasure, that he had a copy of Kirkham's Grammar. He then turned his immediate and undivided attention to the study of it. Sometimes, when business was not particularly brisk, he would lie under a shade-tree in front of the store, and pore over the book; at other times a customer would find him stretched on the counter intently engaged in the same way. But the store was a bad place for study; and he was often seen quietly slipping out of the village, as if he wished to avoid observation, when, if successful in getting off alone, he would spend hours in the woods, "mastering a book," or in a state of profound abstraction.

He kept up his old habit of sitting up late at night; but, as lights . . . were expensive, the village cooper permitted him to sit in his shop, where he burnt the shavings, and kept a blazing fire to read by, when every one else was in bed. The Greenes lent him books; the schoolmaster gave him instruction in the store, on the road, or in the meadows. Every visitor to New Salem who made the least pretension to scholarship was waylaid by Abe, and required to explain something which he could not understand.

The result of it all was, that the village and the surrounding country wondered at his growth in knowledge, and he soon became as famous for the goodness of his understanding as for the muscular power of his body, and the unfailing humor of his talk.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, Ward H. Lamon, page 95.

Gives a Bully a Dose of "Smartweed"

"While showing goods to two or three women in Offutt's store one day, a bully came in and began to talk in an offensive manner, using much profanity, and evidently wishing to provoke a quarrel. Lincoln leaned over the counter and begged him, as ladies were present, not to indulge in such talk. The bully retorted that the opportunity had come for which he had long sought, and he would

Appropriate Illustrations

The following pages, taken at random from various parts of the work, contain some interesting examples of apt and valuable pictorial embellishment.

Readable at any Page

You can open anywhere and find interesting stories.

ing trade was made: Berry & Lincoln formed a partnership and bought out Greene; Berry paid him two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and gave him the horse, saddle, and bridle, estimated at one hundred dollars, assumed payment of his debt to Radford, and Greene was to have the store receipts for that day. The new firm then went into possession and took in fifteen dollars and a Spanish shilling; and young Greene, highly elated by his first business venture, rode home that night with two hundred and

sixty-five dollars and twelve and one-half cents, and a horse, saddle and bridle, as the result of the investment of a boy's pluck and enterprise.

The firm of Berry & Lincoln next absorbed the stock and business of the moribund firm of James and Rowan Hernndon. The new enterprise was, however, greatly handi-



Devotion of the junior partner to "star-eyed science."

capped, first, by lack of capital, and secondly, by the devotion of the senior partner to the whiskey jug, and of the junior partner to "star-eyed science."

Lincoln the Citizen, Henry C. Whitney, page 88.

His First Effort at Public Speaking

About the year 1832 or 1833, Mr. Lincoln made one of his first efforts at public speaking. A debating club, of which James Rut-



From *Historic Americans*, Elbridge S. Brooks,

CAPTAIN LINCOLN DEFENDING THE INDIAN

“I’ll fight you all,” said the captain, “one after the other, just as you come. Take it out of me if you can, but you shan’t touch this Injun.”

CHAPTER VI

SPRINGFIELD, THE LAW AND THE LADY

A Young Lawyer Offers to Pay Half the Damages Occasioned by His Funny Stories

We know an old gentleman here,—a wagon-maker by trade,—who commenced plying the same craft when young at Mechanicsville, near the town of Springfield, Illinois, immortalized by Abraham Lincoln.

He knew him well when he was just a smart young lawyer, smarter than most of them, and so sought after in difficult cases.

The cartwright had a case to win or lose, connected with his trade. On the other side the best lawyer of this little town was employed and his own was no match for him. The eventful day had come and his father-in-law quaked for the result.

"Son," he said to him, "you've got just time. Take this letter to my young friend, Abe Lincoln, and bring him back in the buggy to appear in the case. Guess he'll come if he can!"

So he set off. He found the young lawyer, not in his office, but at a street corner, surrounded by a troop of small urchins, he laughing heartily at the fun. The letter was handed to him. But, being otherwise engaged, he said:—

"All right, wait a minute, I must clean out these young 'uns at 'knucks' first!"

The operation went on amid peals of laughter. That concluded, he proceeded to accompany the son-in-law of his friend to the neighboring town. And the peals of ringing laughter continued, as Abe recounted story after story in his inimitable way, so much so, that the driver says to-day, he never had such a job to hold his lines and guide his horse in his life. At length, so convulsed was he that the horse guided himself—into the ditch—turned over the vehicle, upset the occupants and smashed up the buggy.

"You stay behind and look after the buggy," said Lincoln, "I'll walk on."

This he did in time for the court, went in and won the case.

etiquette at all. But he was still more astonished when Mr. Lincoln, instead of waiting for a ceremonious bow, shook him by the hand like an old acquaintance and said in his hearty way that he was glad to see the brother-in-law of "this young man here," and that he hoped the Americans treated him well. Mrs. Lincoln—"Mary," as the President again called her—was absent, being otherwise engaged, and there were no other guests. So we had Mr. Lincoln at the table all to ourselves. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, asking many questions about Hamburg, which my brother-in-law, who spoke English fluently, answered in an entertaining manner, and Mr. Lincoln found several occasions for inserting funny stories, at which not only we, but he himself, too, laughed most heartily.



From *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell.

LINCOLN IN '61.

As we left the White House, my companion could hardly find words to express his puzzled admiration for the man who, having risen from the bottom of the social ladder to one of the most exalted stations in the world, had remained so perfectly natural and so absolutely unconscious of how he appeared to others—a man to whom it

him a weak, passive child. I did not dream that his rugged nature should be so moved; I shall never forget those solemn moments. . . . There is a grandeur as well as a simplicity about the picture that will never fade. . . .

Mrs. Lincoln was inconsolable. . . . In one of her paroxysms of grief the President kindly bent over his wife, took her by the arm, and gently led her to the window. With a solemn,

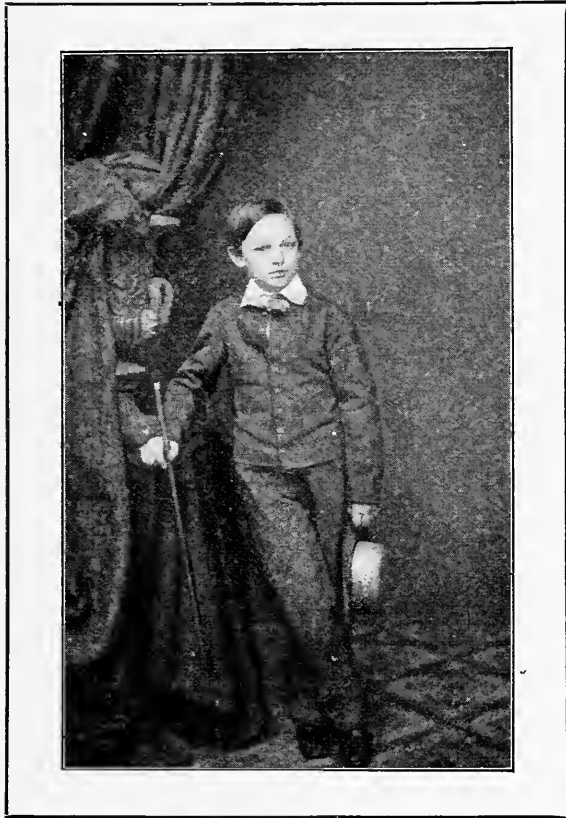
stately gesture he pointed to the lunatic asylum.

"Mother, do you see that large, white building on the hill yonder? Try and control your grief, or it will drive you mad, and we may have to send you there."

Mrs. Lincoln was so completely overwhelmed with sorrow that she did not attend the funeral. . . . The White House was draped in mourning. . . .

Nathaniel Parker Willis, the genial poet, wrote a beautiful sketch of Willie Lincoln, which closed as follows:

"The funeral was very touching. Of the entertainments in the



WILLIE LINCOLN

From a photograph in the collection of Charles W. McLellan.

East Room the boy had been a most life-giving variation. . . . He was his father's favorite. They were intimates—often seen hand in hand. And there sat the man, with a burden on the brain at which the world marvels—bent now with the load at both heart

coffee. The hero of the story put to his lips the crockery mug which he had carried, with infinite care, through several campaigns. A stray bullet just missing the coffee-drinker's head, dashed the mug into fragments, and left only the handle on his finger. Turning his head in that direction, the soldier angrily growled, "Johnny, you can't do that again." Lincoln, relating these two stories together, said, "It seems as if neither death nor danger could quench the grim humor of the American soldier."

Washington in Lincoln's Time, Noah Brooks, page 292.

"No Influence with This Administration"

On the table near him he kept a package of blank cards, such as one finds on every hotel counter. On these were written, in lead pencil, some of the most important orders of the war. Very often he would address Secretary Stanton with a pencilled request, "if the exigencies of the service would permit," to "let up" on some chaplain, civilian or soldier who complained of the rough treatment of the Secretary of War. Stanton sometimes granted these requests, but just as often he would tear up the card in the face of the applicant, and tell him to go back to Mr. Lincoln and tell him he'd "be d—d if he would do it." When Lincoln would again be appealed to he would simply look up or down on the victim of Stanton's wrath, and say, quizzically, "Well, I never did have much influence with this administration."

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, James M. Scovel, *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. LXIV, August, 1889, page 246.

McClellan Recalled by Lincoln after Being Dismissed from His Command

Note by the Editor.—This order of September 2, 1862, was the last order ever issued to General McClellan giving him any command. He seems never to have known that it actually appeared in two forms within twenty-four hours, first as an order from the President by direction of the Secretary of War, second as a simple order of General Halleck. The history of its origin and modification is obscure. When these events are seen in close relation every honest mind must be filled with amazement at the duplicity with which McClellan was surrounded.

On the morning of September 1, McClellan went up from Alexandria to Washington, and now Halleck verbally placed him in

which might possibly follow. That they would seek to save their own reputations at any cost to his was a matter of course with such men. He had this advantage in meeting them, that McClellan's confidence had reassured him, while they were still in a state of wild alarm.

McClellan's Own Story page 538.



BEFORE FREDERICKSBURG

Informed of the Defeat at Fredericksburg

I made all speed to the *Tribune* office, where I was told there would be no use in trying to send my report by telegraph, as the Government censor at the main telegraph office had been ordered by the Secretary of War not to allow any news from Fredericksburg to be transmitted without previous submission to and special approval by him. But there was time to send it by special messenger on the night train, which was done. It may as well be mentioned here that my account met the same fate as that of the first battle of Bull Run.

I arranged Mrs. Lincoln's hair, then assisted her to dress. Her dress was white satin trimmed with black lace. The trail was very long, and she swept through the room, Mr. Lincoln was standing with his back to the fire, his hands behind him, and his eyes on the carpet. His face wore a solemn, thoughtful look. The rustling of the satin dress attracted his attention. He looked at it; then in his quaint, quiet way remarked,

"Whew! our cat has a long tail to-night." Mrs. Lincoln did not reply. The President added:

"Mother, it is my opinion that if some of that tail was nearer the head, it would be in better style," and he glanced at her bare arms and neck. She had a beautiful neck and arm, and low dresses were becoming to her. She turned away with a look of offended dignity, and presently took the President's arm and both went down-stairs to their guests, leaving me alone with the sick boy.

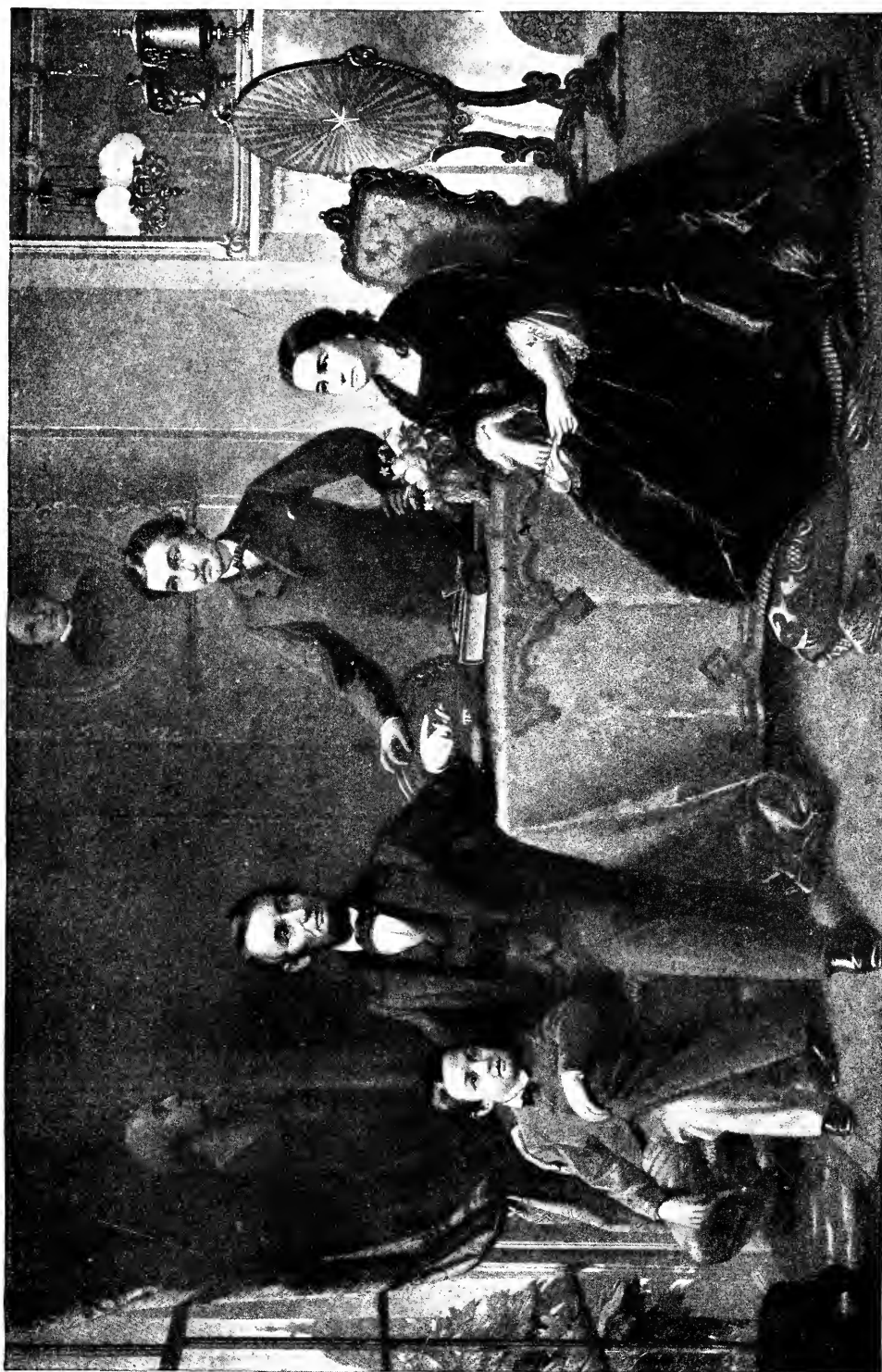
The reception was a large and brilliant one, and the rich notes of the Marine Band, in the apartments below, came to the sick-room in soft, subdued murmurs, like the wild, faint sobbing of far-off spirits. Some of the young people suggested dancing, but Mr. Lincoln met the suggestion with an emphatic veto. . . .

During the evening, Mrs. Lincoln came up-stairs several times, and stood by the bedside of the suffering boy. She loved him with a mother's heart, and her anxiety was great. The night passed slowly; morning came, and Willie was worse. He lingered a few days and died. God called the beautiful spirit home, and the house of joy was turned into the house of mourning.

I was worn out with watching, and was not in the room when Willie died, but was immediately sent for. I assisted in washing and dressing him, and then laid him on the bed, when Mr. Lincoln came in. I never saw a man so bowed down with grief. He came to the bed, lifted the cover from the face of his child, gazed at it long and earnestly, murmuring,

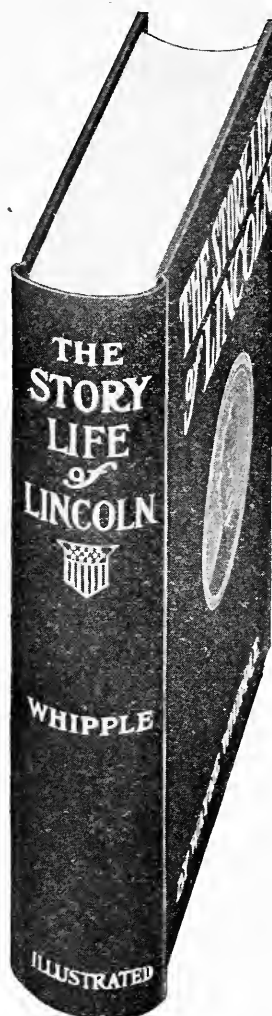
"My poor boy, he was too good for this earth. God has called him home. I know that he is much better off in heaven, but then we loved him so. It is hard—hard—to have him die!"

Great sobs choked his utterance. He buried his head in his hands, and his tall frame was convulsed with emotion. I stood at the foot of the bed, my eyes full of tears, looking at the man in silent, awe-stricken wonder. His grief unnerved him, and made



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS FAMILY IN THE WHITE HOUSE
Reading from left to right: "Tad," the President, Robert, Mrs. Lincoln.

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